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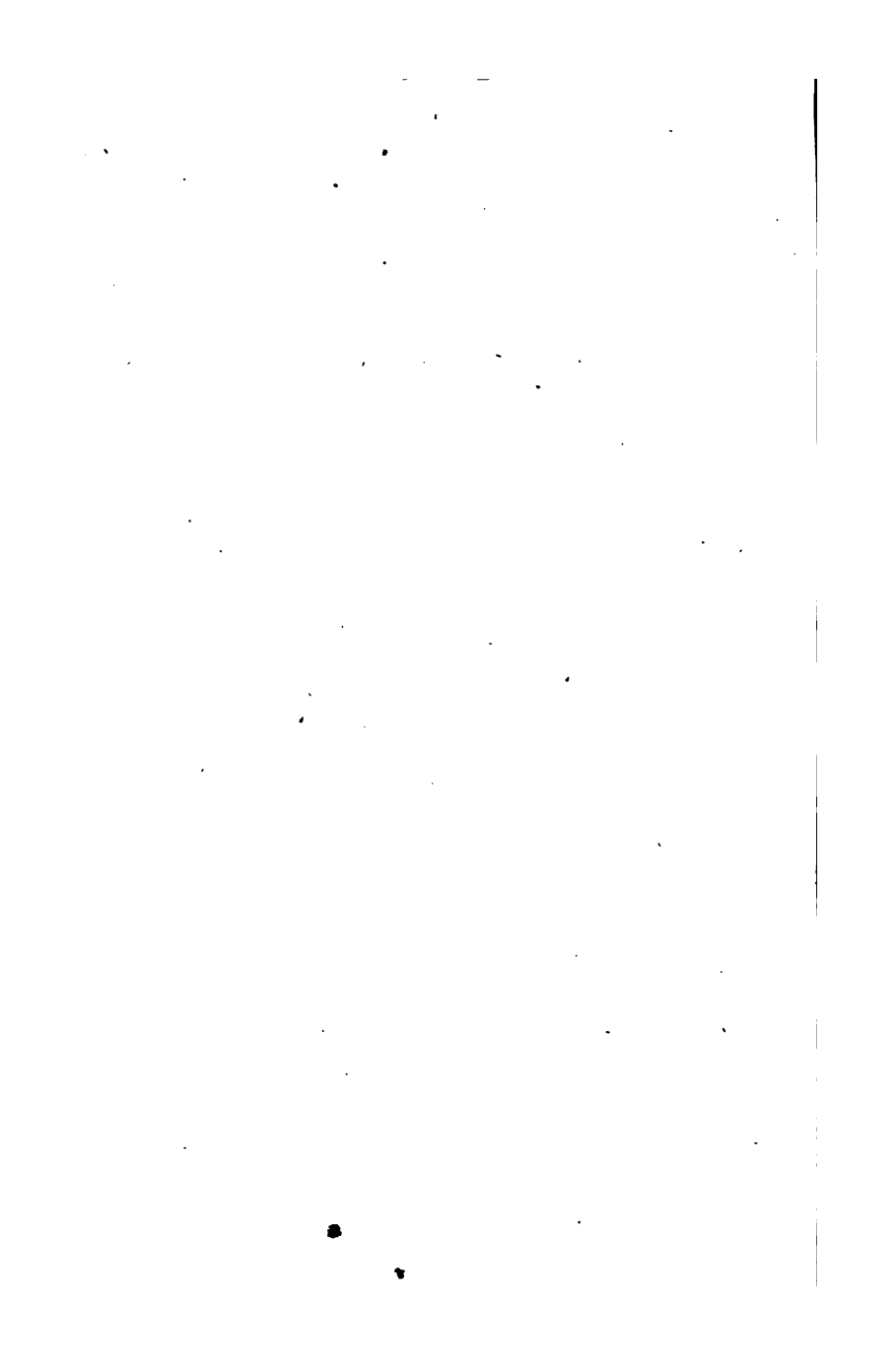




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**THE**  
**INFLUENCE OF APATHY,**  
**ETC.**

G. WOODFALL, ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET, LONDON.

v. 54. 1828. 174  
THE

# INFLUENCE OF APATHY,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

HENRY TREVANION.



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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

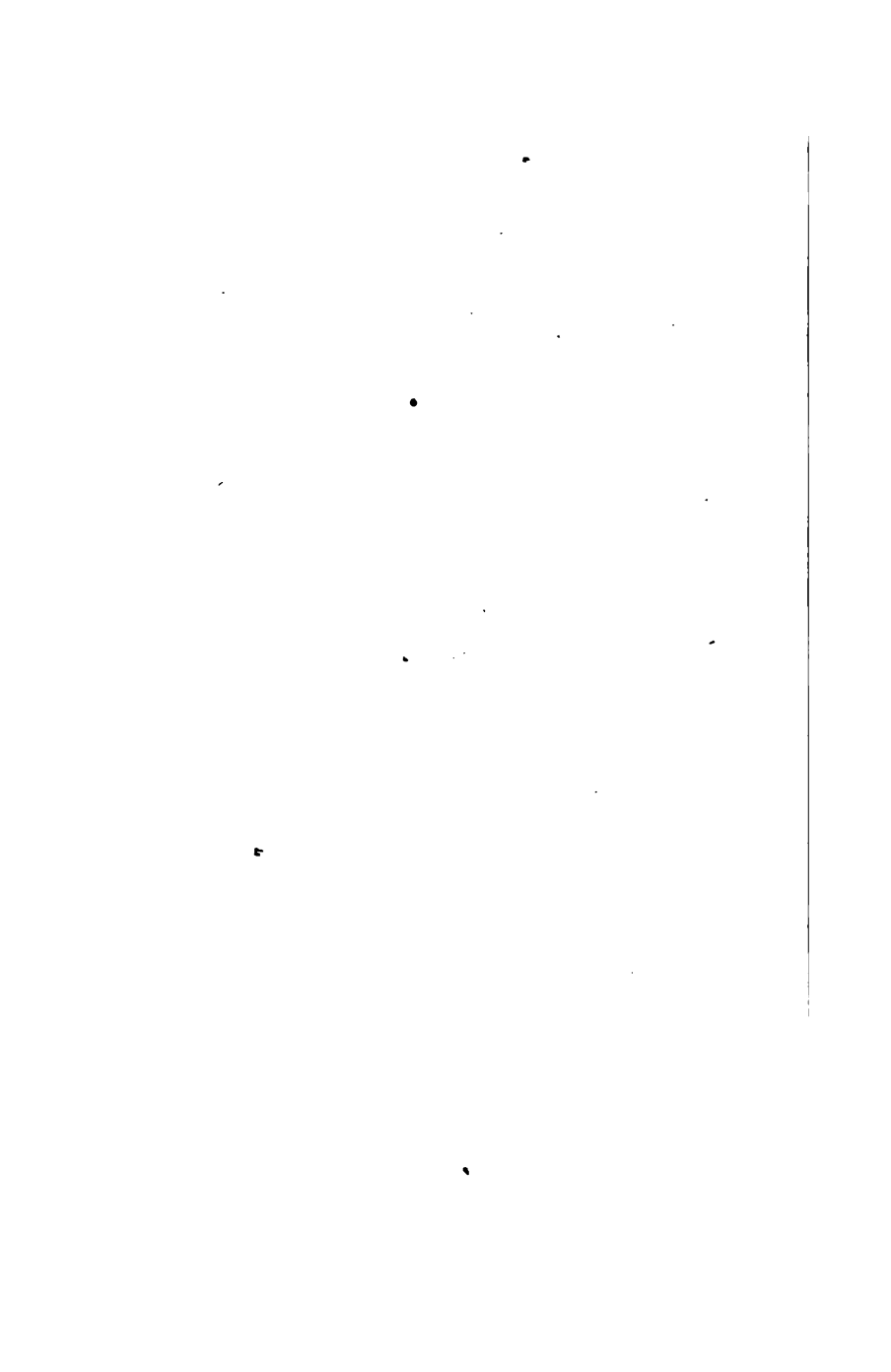
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,

FATERNOSTER-ROW.

1827.

104.





**THE**  
**INFLUENCE OF APATHY.**

**B**

## ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION.—The disposition of youth to affection; to confidence; to imbibe flattery; to engage unadvisedly in friendships.—The result of the abuse of this ingenuousness—suspicion and distrust, art, and indifference to all that previously interested.—Suicide considered.—The inefficacy of private or public tuition, in the abstract, to avert the evils incident to entering the world; to invalidate the temptations of sin.—The tendency of a career of sin to deaden the sensibility of our affections.—The effects of over leniency and over severity.—The doctrine of the existence in infancy of a moral sense, and the instinctive power of discriminating between good and evil, right and wrong.—The diminution of these faculties when brought into collision with the world, and by the too frequent contemplation of the reverses sustained by the virtuous, and the triumphs of the vicious.—The consequently increased influence of temptation, and the miseries derived from yielding to it.—The probability that repeated afflictions will annihilate the kindly sympathies of our nature.—Revenge.—The passion excited by trifling annoyances; fatal consequences of yielding to it, as operating on the heart; exception, Byron.—The disappointment generally attendant upon ambition, and its paralysing action on the feelings.—A night scene, leading to a reflection on the instability of human existence compared with the duration of inanimate objects.—In life, the first emotion experienced, curiosity; its successors, pleasure and pain, reflection and experience, truth, despair, lastly apathy.—Ingratitude; a dangerous enemy to the determination to adopt insensibility as a negative state of happiness.—Allusion to the numerous calamities of life, and the futility of desiring to retain those feelings which alone render us vulnerable to their attacks.—The incapability of worldly enjoyments to insure happiness.—Happiness, tranquillity of mind.—Tranquillity of mind attainable only by the means of apathy.

**THE**  
**INFLUENCE OF APATHY.**

DAYS of confiding youth ! whose rainbow gleam  
Wanes coldly distant on my cloudy theme ;—  
When on Hope's tablet Fancy smiling drew  
A picture gay—enchanting—but untrue,—  
And every object, like Dodona's grove,  
Prophetic spoke delusive peace and love,—  
When in perspective this dark present rose  
Soft as an evening sunshine of repose,—  
And threat'ning clouds but gathered—to depart,  
Tinged with the rays effulging from the heart ;

Eye of my life!—like that the prophet made  
To watch Gehazi while through sin he strayed—  
Still, ever lovely, through the veil of years  
Seen as a mocking beauty through my tears—  
Raise on the shadowed memory of my mind  
The phantom feelings that delude mankind—  
Nor let them pass, as they have passed away,  
Till for a transient space they flit across my lay.

In early years, ere yet the mazy thread  
Of busy Discord round the heart is spread—  
Ere yet the world's Iscariot kiss hath stole  
The amulet of truth from out the soul—  
Ere man, to blindness of his future driven,  
Counts with each hour another step from heaven—  
Ere, like that tree of melancholy hue,  
The dark and solitary church-yard yew,

A baneful influence round him he must throw,  
And foully rooted in corruption grow,—  
In life's first spring that brings no summer sun,  
By various ties Affection's web is spun ;  
The gnomon of a dial—care unknown—  
Man marks the fleeting sunny hours alone ;  
In eager sympathy his young pulse beats  
To every kindly pressure that it meets ;  
The hollow welcome fails not to allure ;  
His heart expands on Flattery's shifting shore,  
Glowing to the siren melody around,  
Nor marks the quicksands of that fatal ground ;  
Onward impelled, he views no peril near,  
Laughs with the laugh, and sorrows with the tear ;  
Freely the vow of amity is made,  
And, unbetraying, sees not he 's betrayed.

Not long may last this trust in human breast ;  
The hand that wounds him is the one loved best.  
Too soon, and yet too late his credence ends,  
He owns his worst of enemies are—friends.  
Who plunged the weapon into Clitus' side?  
Who dealt the keenest blow when Cæsar died?  
Where is the stain on murdered Charles's fame?  
The page that weeps with injured Stafford's name.—  
And when revolts the sense at James's fate?  
When his own children leave him desolate.—  
Sure as the shaft from the death-angel's bow,  
Falls, soon or late, the paralysing blow ;  
Like Œdipus, he seeks the truth, and bleeds,  
The victim of th' enigma that he reads ;  
Then like the adder, save in deafness, rears  
Suspicion's crest from the heart's cell of tears :

Fast on the track rush Selfishness and Pride,  
With guile their ghastly lineaments to hide ;  
For him no more can Nature's scenes adorn  
The desert path—he passes them in scorn—  
Or, as the spider, from the fairest flowers  
He sucks a poison for his future hours :  
For him no more can the Arcadian lyre  
Of innocence and love his soul inspire ;  
No more with gratitude his bosom thrills ;  
Remembrance over all a baneful dew distils.

In that consuming atrophy which steals  
Upon the heart ere yet its warmth congeals—  
That craving after novelties to please,  
Which tend alone to nurture its disease—  
The languid morbid symptoms which betray  
The last sad stage preceding its decay—



In that half-phrenzied fever of a mind  
Religion tutors not to be resigned,  
When those the nearest—dearest—make us own  
We live unloved, unheeded, and alone,  
The soul may find an antidote to grief,  
The wounded spirit still may seek relief ;  
A sudden beam illumines Despondence' eye—  
The sense that we have yet the power to die.  
Demon of sorrow ! when thou givest the brand  
Of self-destruction to a mortal hand,  
Dost thou release thy victim, and destroy  
The iron chain of agony ? or buoy  
Our being's essence to a distant shore,  
Where writhing anguish howls for evermore ?  
Oh ! tell me not—nor shake my earnest trust  
In Him who is all-merciful and just—

That the worn wretch unearthly powers control,  
E'en with such last sin burning on his soul,  
From tortures more than mortal sense can bear  
Flies to his God, and finds no refuge there!

Thus, when the mists of passion so condense  
As to obscure the intellectual sense,  
Argues the Suicide:—"Why longer train  
"Of misery'th' inexorable chain?  
"Ebbs memory's tide not on its waste to show  
"To-day is but the yesterday of woe?  
"Earth hath no prospect save to wear away  
"By grief's attrition to a slow decay  
"The spirit's prison—live I not a curse  
"Unto myself—and those—distraction! worse,—  
"Those who once loved me? must I tamely wait  
"Till even pity turn to worse than hate?

- “ To seek enervated the bonds I’ve torn,  
“ Crouch like a slave—and bend the knee to—Scorn ?  
“ Bereaved of all that can to life endear—  
“ Hope-seared—heart-broken—ever doomed to bear  
“ The weight of woes that crush not—like to him  
“ The Tantalus of fable: can the grim  
“ Aspect of death, and but conceived pain  
“ Of after-punishment, this hand restrain ?  
“ No—from the fathomless cold realms of space  
“ Where Night, and her twin sister, Darkness, pace  
“ In an eternal chaos with their king—  
“ Where, on the plumage of thy dusky wing,  
“ Wakes not the trembling whisper of a breath—  
“ To my embrace arise—I call thee—Death !—  
“ Come in thy fiercest terrors—thou hast not  
“ A rack can add a torment to this lot—

“ Or, if thou hast, I hail it—for to this  
“ All change—e’en change of suffering—were bliss.”

Thus says Philosophy:—“ You say you leave  
“ A real ill for one you but conceive ;—  
“ True—but that ill, though of a thousand years,  
“ An atom to infinity appears—  
“ Th’ extreme point of a point—the smallest part  
“ Of what is smallest. From the first you start  
“ With this one vital error—to suppose  
“ This life an end—on which your hopes repose—  
“ When ’tis a painful means. ‘ Then, strange,’ you  
say,  
“ ‘ To cast a gem so highly prized away !’  
“ No,—life become unlovely by your love,  
“ You spurn the ties too passionately wove ;

- “ Wedded to false chimeras of your brain,  
“ You find, like Ixion, but a cloud—most vain—  
“ And what you most have loved you most disdain—  
“ But sell not—spendthrift of your bliss—to feed  
“ The present transient moment of your need ;  
“ The rich reversion promised you by Heaven,  
“ That ‘ unto those that have not shall be given.’—  
“ Mark those now falling round you—is the date  
“ Far off your folly would anticipate?—  
“ Light your pale lamp of hope, and by its rays  
“ Discern the nothingness of life—and gaze  
“ Upon the importance given it when you go  
“ Grovelling beneath an incubus of woe.  
“ Leave, self-deluded, your ill-judged attempt—  
“ Is it by flight you would evince contempt?—  
“ No—rather draw around your heart the shroud  
“ Of apathy, and rise above misfortune proud.”

Man's moral nature is the Punch of fate,  
Which holds the strings to which it must vibrate ;—  
'Tis soft and evanescent as the snows  
On which a feather-weight a print bestows ;—  
'Tis as a cloud in skies half foul—half fair—  
And takes fantastic shapes from every air ;—  
His bosom, as a mirror, does not own  
Intrinsic objects—it reflects alone.—  
We see two youths, by different systems taught—  
One good, one ill—they differ in each thought.  
The one, as fiend of dark abhorrent hue,  
Sees Sin portrayed—his lure concealed from view ;  
The other, by long contact, hath been taught  
He hath delights that are too dearly bought ;—  
In manhood both on life unaided thrust—  
And lo ! a paradox !—the good falls first:—

It were a long and weary voyage to sail  
O'er Education's ocean of detail—  
To trace each rivulet that tends to swell  
The tide that creeps to heaven or sweeps to hell.  
To those who smoothly down the wave have gone,  
With sunny smiles to cheer their progress on,  
I leave the glad remembrance of their fate,  
And, lighter task, its good to designate.—  
To those who from their morning wave have drawn  
The bitter draught that taught them young to mourn,  
And through the prism of whose early tears  
All seems perverted which to life endears,—  
Until they, fly-like, slide down Memory's glass,  
Cling to the flaws, and o'er its smoothness pass ;  
To those the task were heavier to trace back  
The current of their own more stormy track—

Or from the charts of others to select  
The various systems which my theme affect,—  
Suffice it here to single two, that tend  
To have the wreck of feeling for their end.

The carpet hero, who in childhood's days  
Feasts uncontrolled on sugar-plums and praise—  
Whose tears, as angry billows, have the power  
To rend the barriers of the stormy hour—  
Who sees admired, or borne, each wayward whim,  
Until creation seems to be—for him,—  
Launched from the petty circle of his sway,  
Among his equals, who will not obey—  
Hates where he cannot govern—and we find  
His hatred must embrace one half mankind.  
Of over-leniency we mark this fruit—  
The infant *bore* matured into the brute.



But woe to him, beguiling and beguiled,  
The privileged hypocrite, who hath defiled  
The power nature gave him to protect,  
With passion or with bitterer neglect !—  
Who, like a coward, to the world asserts  
Affection breeds the rigour he exerts.  
Sad—sad will be that parent's life's last stage,  
Who spurned in youth the balm required in age.  
Sad the conviction he too late must meet,  
That undeserved reproof begets deceit,  
And that the boy whom guile alone can save,  
Once only is a dupe—for ever is a knave.

There are who hold that with existence born,  
A moral sense our being must adorn,—  
An innate maxim, and a conscience nice—  
Th' instinctive love of virtue—dread of vice—

The quick perception of the right and wrong—  
Which with our bodies' progress grows more strong.  
We grant the first position be correct,  
But the last thesis (of its growth) reject.  
Could this discriminating sense retain  
Its strong palladium against sin and pain ;  
Could it, like Lænas' magic wand, define  
Bounds to temptation—'twere indeed divine.  
But no—this strong preservative from crime  
Dissolves within the crucible of time.  
The world's collision fails not to entice  
The basilisk eye of fascinating vice—  
We dare not fly it, though its glance appal,  
We see men rise by sin—by virtue fall—  
This false conception grafted on the mind,  
Excuse for evil easily we find.—

How should frail man explore a passage trod  
By Him alone, the gifted Son of God?  
Have we His shield to dare the Tempter's skill?  
'Twixt future joys we choose, and present ill—  
We read of future hell—but mercy grew  
Out of that fiat, and we read that too.  
Brief is the doubt—temptation's rich repast  
Is spread—and seized—its sweets enhanced by fast.  
Temptation leads to sorrows—sorrows make  
Callous the heart they have not power to break.  
Slowly, but sure—incrusted by the flow  
On its first softness of perpetual woe—  
Its nature changes—as soft moss hath grown  
By frequent drippings petrified to stone.—  
“Seize then at once”, the marble Stoic says,  
“Like us the quiet Apathy conveys—

- “ This be your moment—turn not to resent  
“ The wrongs that are but preludes to content.  
“ You would not—from Torpedo’s touch awoke—  
“ Rush back in spite to meet another stroke.  
“ Why, ’cause thou art racked on disappointment’s  
    wheel,  
“ Vindictive smite the instruments of—weal?  
“ Blest are the waters thus misnamed of woes,  
“ They flow to Lethe’s fountain of repose.”

This is not in man’s nature—you must heat  
The metal, ere its temper be complete.  
Strike the fresh flint, you but produce its fire ;  
You must strike on to make its sparks expire.  
The wounded prey-bird shuns his fellow’s sight—  
The coward whale harpooned avoids the light—

The stricken stag to distant fern will hie—  
The harassed hare will steal away to die—  
But man—the serpent man—a venom makes  
From his hope's poisoned chalice, till he slakes  
The fevered thirst his smarting wound sustains—  
The foot that crusheth him shall share his pains ;  
Snorts red Destruction's charger in his course,  
And Death's pale steed, and Hell's, obey his curse ;  
Shakes to the blow, the earthquake of the mind—  
Through the heart's chasm pours the avenging wind—  
Stream forth the bloody vials of his wrath—  
Burst the unsated whelps of Havoc forth—  
Hate's demons howl the voice of mercy down,  
Nor slack, till Vengeance shrieks "the deed is done!"

Revenge maintains her empire in the breast  
Though every other feeling freeze to rest ;

And sooner may the crew-deserted bark,  
When tempests wildly rage and nights are dark,  
Admit a pilot—than may man obtain  
Reason, when tossed upon her angry main.  
Search history's records—read why savage War  
Her satellites linked to Menelaus' car ;  
Why Coriolanus bared the avenging brand,  
And Rome too late deplored her harsh command ;  
Why Hannibal—the sworn in hate—unfurled  
His flag, and shed the blood of half the world :—  
These had gross injuries—but oft is known  
Revenge as deadly from mere trifles grown :—  
'Tis strange how petty worries will control  
The reign of reason in the greatest soul ;—  
A dog, a horse, a woman, or a child,  
A literary failure—drives us wild.—

Thus the Pancratias with vexation burst  
To kick the wiser ass that kicked him first.  
A hive of little evils often tend  
More than great griefs our quiet to offend—  
Like captious wasps about the heart they cling,  
And more exasperate by their frequent sting ;  
Haply it is, their insolence annoys  
The humour great calamity destroys.  
Slight cause may move dissension 'twixt mankind,  
And this experience bids us bear in mind ;  
For injuries the aggressor may atone,  
But insults compensation never own.  
Slight was the cause, when, by revenge impelled,  
Warwick a king restored—a king expelled.  
The Roman senator, who bore to see  
His country crouch to Gallic victory,

Brooked not the proud barbarian's taunting mood,  
But struck the blow that deluged Rome with blood.  
No purple tide had Actium's billow seen  
Had poor Octavia slighted never been.  
Read how Mæonius—whose presumptuous hand  
Hurled against custom and his king's command  
A hunting spear, and was awhile confined—  
Cherished the fancied insult in his mind ;  
The memory of the offence not long remained,  
The penalty a scorpion sting retained—  
Time passed—not to his hate—the assassin's knife  
Drew from his monarch kinsman's breast the life.—  
From deeds of darkness such as these arise  
The icy blasts that shiver human ties—  
Man gives not long unruly passions sway  
Ere the heart's fabric crumbles to decay.



One sad exception—one whose soul hath fled  
Stricken—but not polluted—to the dead ;  
The slave of feeling—but too proud to show  
That feeling to a world esteemed a foe ;  
Barred from thy native land—compelled to roam—  
Adored of nations—yet without a home ;  
No kindred arm thy fevered head to rear,  
No fond attention thy last hour to cheer ;  
Not one to light that moment's awful gloom  
And gild with hope the darkness of the tomb ;  
To read the wishes of thy life's last page,  
Thy wants supply, thine agony assuage ;  
To picture future scenes of new delight,  
And sooth the struggling spirit ere its flight ;  
Seal the cold eyelid with affection's tear,  
And to thy child a parent's blessing bear ;

A husband, and a father—names with power  
To wound, not calm thee in thy dying hour ;—  
Such was thy fate,—and are there none to mourn,  
Departed spirit, o'er thy hallowed urn ?  
Must then thy radiant course like comet glare  
Win the world's gaze, and vanish into air ?  
No—while the wings of genius dare explore  
The golden waters of Pirenian shore—  
While taste and feeling from his casque shall grow  
Like the Athenian goddess from the brow  
Of the great parent,—while the mind of man  
The paths of science shall presume to scan—  
Thy name with Homer, Milton, Pope, shall claim  
From future worlds a monument of fame.

And is there left on history's leaf no tear  
But cold hypocrisy's to deck thy bier ?

Must barren hearts—the readiest to condemn  
The faults that owed their very birth to them—  
Must those the beings who with icy sneer  
Warped each warm virtue of thy brief career—  
Who spurned the feeling oft too truly shown,  
Because that feeling never was their own—  
Must lips like these to after ages tell  
He lived admired, but unmourned he fell?  
Forbid it Greece! While Freedom dare expand  
Her orient standard o'er her native land;  
Long as the shades of the departed brave,  
Who nobly bled thy injured realms to save;  
Long as a Marathon and Leuctra reign,  
Platæa and Thermopyle remain  
A bright memorial on the book of time  
Of the first valour of thy envied clime;

Till classic learning from her task shall cease  
And blot from history's page the name of Greece ;—  
Thy grateful sons shall write for other years  
The name of Byron in a nation's tears.—  
Who hath not felt when glory's golden ray  
Irradiates some meteor of the day ;  
Who hath not felt that burning glow within  
His hope's intoxication ?—Who hath seen  
The weeping clouds of disappointment fling  
Their mouldering damp on young ambition's wing,  
Nor turned disgusted from his own essay  
To reach the fen-like light that mocks his way ?  
Feeds on his soul despair's corroding chain,  
Flings back his spirit its cold weight in vain,  
Like him who strove to steal the heavenly fire,  
Bound to a rock and never to expire—

The bare rock of despondence, ever torn  
And harassed by the vulture-beak of scorn ;  
Inert, but restless, hating what he prized,  
He lives to envy those he most despised.  
Say what succeeds ? Can man such change endure,  
And be the sanguine fool he was before ?  
The draught of fame Fate sneering bade him sip  
Has turned to wormwood on his thirsting lip ;  
Hurled from his brain-built pinnacle of pride,  
The world he wooed, observes him—to deride ;  
And can he with such mortal wound bestow  
Smiles on the world that deals the fatal blow ?  
Can he the dirty chemist's part assume,  
And draw from civet ordure, a perfume ?  
Will not all human sympathies rush back  
On his heart's tender fibres, till they crack ?

Yes ; they will burst ; and what will then remain ?—  
The apathy to pleasure and to pain.

Hark ! on the winds of time hath pealed the knell  
Of foiled ambition's votaries ! Sad it fell,  
And awful as the footstep on the grave :  
Is there no warning in the voice to save ?  
There is : in heaven the warning first began,  
And angels heard it ere it fell on man—  
He had that warning ; the too vain compeer  
Of God's admitted, Satan, did he fear ?  
No—deaf to all but power's mad dream he fell,  
And for a heaven risked his fate—a hell.  
Glory, that shadow of a sound, will win  
Saints from religion, profligates from sin :  
There is a spell in an undying name  
Deludes to struggle blindly on for fame.

Empires have been, and are not ; cities rose  
Arrayed in pomp and beauty—where are those ?  
Where is proud Sparta ? See—a goatherd's cot  
Smiles on a barren, wasted, desolate spot !  
A bondsman's fortune is the grass that waves  
Over Leonidas' and Agis' graves !  
Names alone mock destruction ; they survive  
The doom of all creation : hence we hie  
The rapturous hope of immortality ;—  
Men worship that which never seems to die.  
What of the future know we but of death ?  
Have ages had the power to stifle Glory's breath ?  
A land but promised, and a goal he views—  
No marvel 'tis that man the last should choose ;  
No marvel 'tis his every nerve is strained  
To gain a port that others have attained ;

No marvel 'tis, when adverse gales have blown,  
Back on the wave of life a shattered wreck is thrown.

'Tis night ; and contemplation on the wing  
Of silence steals : the past and present fling  
Their shadows on the future. 'Tis a night  
Sad as the thought of feeling's early blight—  
Cold as the heart that is affection's tomb—  
Dark as the hue of disappointment's gloom.—  
Let sadness come—to me it hath but made  
Life as the fleeting vision of a shade ;  
Let coldness come—the glacier's silver crest  
Hath not a colder region than man's breast ;  
Let darkness come—for yet I scarce can view  
That pale beam smile as it was wont to do,  
Upon a scene oft visited before,  
With smiling hopes, that visit me no more :—



The long grass withers by the mountain rill ;  
The frequent blasts sigh wildly on the hill ;—  
O'er yon high oak a howling requiem pour,  
Which wintry gales have ceased to bad no more ;—  
The hazy moon sinks dimly from the vale,  
Where sleepy vapours, stagnant, shun the gale.—  
To Superstition's eye, in such bleak land,  
Where Desolation's cold and withering hand  
Hath fallen blastingly—at such an hour—  
Free from the stir of men, and daylight's power—  
The wandering 'habitants of worlds unknown—  
The ghastly shapes distempered fancies own—  
Unhallowed shades, whose crimes forbid to sleep—  
Might, unmolested, mystic vigils keep.  
The cynic churl, or meditative mind  
Of grave philosophy, might haply find

A semblance of mortality—for here  
A laughing landscape used the eye to cheer.  
Through yon scathed tree, which stag-like rears its head,  
The golden sun a checkered radiance shed ;—  
And where those rank weeds cluster round its base  
The weeping eye of Memory may trace  
The yellow harvest swell to summer showers,  
And green cool shades renew the fragrant flowers.

Such is the fate of all corporeal things—  
And man, though raised pre-eminent, but wings  
A flight more transient e'er life's barren plain.—  
How soon th' ethereal essence bursts the chain  
Of mortal thralldom !—preordained to go—  
Where ?—where we know not—but too soon shall know.  
A few short hours man labours to attain  
Th' ideal good he reaches to disdain ;

A few short hours of hope—a few to see  
That hope's bud blighted like that lonely tree.  
A few of dotage on religious creed,  
As drowning wretch who grasps a broken reed—  
Still loth to sigh his last of being's breath—  
Not from the love of life, but fear of death.  
Poor slave of doubt!—he gains his destined goal,  
Struggling against the fate that is to free his soul.

When from the tree of death inviting fell  
The fruit of knowledge—misery and hell—  
Say, what the insatiate thirst the subtle snake  
Raised on Eve's fevered lip, and bade her slake?—  
What urged the deed?—what infancy must drink  
With life from woman, when 'tis given to think.  
The first emotion that man's bosom knows  
Is curiosity—and thenceforth grows

Pleasure, the wintry sunbeam of an hour—  
And pain, coeval shadow of life's dower ;—  
Nursed in the womb of Time, and fed by Pain—  
Betrothed to Thought—the giant of the brain—  
Experience follows—from which wedded pair  
Truth late is born—whose issue is—Despair.  
He who of late was Fancy's demi-god,  
Now grovels to the worm on which he trod.  
Mock monarch of creation! thou art taught  
The fatal value of thy power of thought!—  
Now seize the last mean cowardice of grief,  
By railing on the past to seek relief.  
Go—curse the destiny thou thought'st to rule—  
Stamp on thy brain, with Memory's signet—fool.  
Thou now art taught, vain man, to hail the tomb,  
Though it should greet thee with Penthean doom.

Startest thou to see thy fate?—on Hope's decrease,  
See where it spreads the halcyon wing of Peace!—  
See where it beckons!—see it slowly wave  
The hand that points to madness—or the grave,—  
Where rankling Memory shall no more pursue,  
And haggard Care no more appal thy view,—  
Where, and where only, thou may'st find the rest  
Thy life and reason sought, but ne'er possess.  
But lo! the spectre changes—and it wears  
A chaplet watered by Reflection's tears—  
Which, like the night-flower, perfume will impart  
More sweet as darkness clouds upon the heart.  
If but thy strength of mind and frame allow  
To reach those flowers, and place them on thy brow,  
Their shade will cool the fever on thy brain,  
Extend thy life—the future free from pain—

Bid of the past experience only stay,  
Like Bethlehem's star to guide thee on thy way ;  
The wreath of cold indifference adore—  
And fawn-eyed sorrow sleeps—to wake no more.

My lay has long been silent—do I dream?  
And am I not a portion of my theme?—  
Is feeling still an instinct in my breast,  
To mark me to be sneered at or opprest?—  
Lives there on earth incitement that can move  
That heart to hate, which long hath ceased to love?—  
Ingratitude!—thy monstrous sight hath brought  
Again the Mephistophiles of thought.—  
On Memory's midnight now I see thee soar,  
Thy raven wings my bosom's void explore.—  
“ All—all is desolate and dark within,”  
I hear thee murmur—“ can my pinions win,

“ In this cold vault, though closed to all beside,  
“ No place to dwell in?—not from wounded pride?”  
Accursed of Heaven! I feel thee raise again  
My hand, like Ismael's, 'gainst my fellow men.  
Much though I've borne, thou still hast power to  
    shock,  
And draw, like Moses, waters from a rock.  
Thy vision, base Ingratitude, I see,  
And the big tear rolls forth its gall to thee.

Scourge of mankind!—thy noxious life began  
Its foul career when God created man.  
Still, as the light of life acquired force,  
Thy baneful shadow lengthened on its course;—  
Full on the brow of Cain thy dark scowl fell,  
And sent a blackened fratricide to hell.

Tarshish! thy isle is waste!—Shriek, Moab! shriek!—  
High-crested Babylon! thy voice is weak.  
Writhe in thine agony, Gomorrah!—writhe!—  
The flames of vengeance, Sodom, o'er thee breathe!—  
Thankless in pride, ye turned—and how were left?—  
Of every gift God granted, ye bereft:—  
Ye have all passed, with other states, away,  
Examples for a past—a future day.—  
But ye have passed unheeded—or but seem  
Some vague phenomena of th' historian's dream.  
Greece—Rome—barbarians—yesterday—to-day—  
Abhorrent fiend! some deed of thine display.  
Of wide existence' sea no wave can roll  
To its last ebb that breaks not on thy shoal;  
The hateful annals of thy crimes disclose,  
Like light-house lamps where thy Charybdis flows.



Beacons that warn in vain !—thick mists arise,  
And History's land-marks fade to human eyes ;  
Our own supposed security from pain  
Engenders these thick vapours of the brain ;  
Man's self the graven image of his thought—  
Small wisdom see we by example taught—  
He slights the warning every day makes known,  
Nor feels for wrongs till they become his own.

Who styled men brethren? Wisely 'twas ordained,  
His death refuted what his life maintained.  
Lo ! in his scorching brazen bull he shrinks !  
Say where are now these pure fraternal links ?  
Poor doting speculist ! thy creed declare,  
As Laughter hails thy shout of agonised despair !

My hungry search is gluttoned by the food  
Found in earth's records, everywhere imbrued  
In thy blood-tinctured stream, Ingratitude !  
The Genius of Tradition turns away,  
Sick with the stain he ever must portray,  
And blushes man's pre-eminence to own,  
As on the lists, with human brutes o'ergrown,  
Contrasted stands one beast—a dog—alone.  
My task of reference soothes me, for I find  
Thy frost-work, Apathy, creep on my mind.  
My own wrongs I relate not :—if I mourn  
The memory of a moment, 'tis to scorn  
The feeling that betrays me ; I would cast  
For ever off the weakness that hath passed—  
Passed with the drop that, gushing to the eye,  
Rose like a desert spring upon a waste to die.

The dark and dusky stream the stem of life  
 The mountain's bosom with green life ;  
 The shore with its vast lonely start,  
 The sun's warm light the bosom of the heart ;  
 The hidden waters that about it ring,  
 And never cease the creature of its spring ;  
 The living waters, whose throes have  
 Their dark waves both in withering embrace ;  
 The breaths of evil disease whose cunning fold  
 Winds like the serpent round the priest of old ;  
 The parasites—in terror—that grovelling take  
 From out the base wherewith their thirst to slake ;  
 The wanton woodbine that, like woman, plays  
 Around the heart whose weakness it betrays ;  
 The envious ivy, whose obnoxious leaf  
 Bends in dark mockery o'er the tomb of grief ;

And the pernicious moss, whose tribes keep pace  
With all the miseries that infect our race ;—  
Who, that hath watched how Hope's fair sun recedes  
Behind th' increasing shadow of such weeds,  
Would seek the sap of feeling there to stay,  
Nor hail the blast that brings a quick decay ?

Sweet were the boon, to own the sea-bird's nest,  
High on an island cliff to brood at rest,  
Within a hollow cleft secure to ride  
Unseen, and reckless of life's stormy tide ;—  
Sweet were the boon, the tempest's wrath to brave,  
Like that half-fish half-flower beneath the wave,  
The sea-anemone, on a rock to cling,  
While life scarce felt flies by on Slumber's wing.  
Alas ! vain wish, to gain for life's decline  
Calm such as this !—Yet do I not repine :

Life hath for me a blessing—it hath cast  
The lotus of oblivion on the past ;—  
Life hath for me a blessing—to instil  
The present with the apathy of ill ;—  
And to my soul a whispering angel saith—  
“ Life hath a blessing for the future—death.”

Those who admire and censure by a rule,  
Exclaim, lo ! one of the Satanic school !  
That servile herd, who of its leader use  
All but the inspiration of his muse !  
And must not Sorrow bear the face of woe ?  
And must not Hatred to expression grow ?  
And must Contempt repress his bitter sneer ?  
And Gloom the laughing lip of Gaiety wear ?  
Must we, to be original, be glad,  
Because the master-soul of verse was sad ?

Must we gild human nature when we write,  
Because one drew it in the shade of night ?  
Do we the radiance of the heavens shun,  
'Cause Iran's sect adored the rising sun ?—  
Epicureans ! doaters on the bright  
Motes in the gaudy sunbeam of delight !  
Ye who to bliss the world's enjoyments deem  
Essential as the fountain to the stream,  
Who boast that pleasure only can impart  
Peace to the mind—Elysium to the heart—  
Say what is pleasure ? Is it to dispense  
With thought, and purchase gaiety with sense ?  
In noisy laughter hath it being ? See—  
Delirious fever laughs as loud as ye !  
Is it with gross and sensual delights  
To pamper passion's captious appetites ?

Is it the praise obtained when keenly sought ?

Or lives it but in purity of thought ?—

Alas ! I too have sought it, and I know

'Tis but the death-light o'er the tomb of woe.

But ye who chaunt its pæans, can you say

You can insure its presence for a day ?

Hath it endued ye with the strength to look

On life's reverses, or on death, unshook ?—

Go to Disease's pillow ; from the bed

Of Sickness say if worldly joys have shed

Aught but a feverish halo round the head.

Was their possession spotless, unalloyed ?

Have they not left behind a dismal void ?

Have they not left you like that abject thing,

The soured, cast off minion of a king ?

He was no shallow sciolist who held  
That pleasure rises but from pain dispelled ;  
Pain from the pleasurable sense destroyed :—  
It follows hence we pleasure should avoid ;  
For if they both co-equally vibrate,  
Alternately to lower or elate,  
Certain it is, the higher we attain  
To pleasure, heavier is the fall to pain.  
Life's hope is happiness ; but tell me where  
May this be found, if pleasure leads to care ?  
It centres in tranquillity of mind,  
To which indifference hath the course assigned ;  
Nor can we reach indifference at one spring ;—  
To gain the honey we must risk the sting.  
Not—not without a struggle may we know  
To check the stream of passion's wonted flow,



And not without a struggle can we leave  
All that deceived, but can no more deceive.—  
Sad is the task, to exile from the heart  
Feelings that have become of life a part ;  
The thirst of riches, or desire of fame,  
Frail Friendship's warmth, or Love's far dearer name ;  
Oh ! woman ! jewelled link of being's chain,  
First dream of love, last object of disdain,  
Sad is the storm, o'erwhelming is the sea,  
Star of the soul ! that turns our course from thee ;—  
But all must be forgotten, all must cease  
But Apathy, for him who seeks on earth for peace.

## NOTES.

Page 3, line 5.

"And every object, like Dodona's grove."

See HERODOTUS.

P. 19, l. 7.

"Could it, like Lænas' magic wand, define."

POPILIUS LÆNAS. Liv. xlv. c. 12.

P. 24, l. 1.

"Thus the Pancratias", &c.

Ctesiphone, the conqueror at all the Olympic Games.

PLUT.

P. 24, l. 15.

"The Roman senator", &c.—PAPIRIUS.

P. 25, l. 5.

"Read how Mæonius", &c.

GIBBON, Vol. I. c. xl. p. 309.

P. 32, l. 5.

"A bondsman's fortune is the grass that waves

"Over Leonidas' and Agis' graves!"

CHATEAUBRIAND'S TRAVELS IN GREECE.

P. 37. a. M.

"Thougt I should give thee with Pardon down."

Pardon was then to please, or a punishment for his cruelty, which prompted him to excuse himself on that account. Citizens to inhibit the celebration of the Orgies of Baccus.

P. 43. 1. 3.

"Who styled me: husband?" &c.

St. Simon's son.

P. 43. 1. 5.

"Contrived much our best—a dog—also."

The dog which, according to the telling discourse of Richard, attached himself to Bolingbroke. History seems to have been at pains to record this one instance of brutal ingratitude:—man holds not so solitary a place as its snake.

P. 44. 1. 10.

"While like the serpent round the point of aid"—Lacour.

P. 44. 1. 1.

"He was no shallow scholar", &c.—Lacour.

## **MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**

THE following POEMS were for the most part composed  
between the ages of seventeen and twenty.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

FAINTLY, more faintly, the last pale beam  
Of the night hath passed from the mountain stream ;  
The dew-drops are glistening, large and clear,  
On the rose, like a parted lover's tear ;  
And sigh to the zephyrs the jasmine bowers,  
From the heavy sleep that refreshed their flowers ;  
Their daily incense the lime-trees shed,  
And the new born violet lifts its head ;—  
For twilight hath thrown its robe of gray  
’Twixt the silver night and the golden day ;  
And shrink from the day-beam, that rises higher,  
The mists that have shrouded that orb of fire ;

The last light feathery cloud hath curled  
From the breeze, and the day is on the world.

Beautiful light !—how few behold  
Thy birth with joy !—how many see  
In thy new dawn the thread unfold  
Of a dark cheerless destiny !—  
And such my fate ;—thy beams impart  
No warmth—no gladness to this heart ;  
And oh ! to-day thy disc hath stole  
The brightest vision from my soul,  
E'er in the loom of Slumber wove  
By wayward Fancy and by Love.—  
Methought beneath the pale moon-beam,  
In Summer's noon of night, I strolled  
Beside a heaven-reflecting stream—  
Whispering through lotus flowers it rolled ;—

The acacia's quiv'ring branches hung,  
Kissing the earth from whence they sprung ;  
While the far mountains—dimly seen—  
Contrasted with the sparkling scene ;  
Voluptuously the west wind spread  
The odours of the lily's bed ;  
And busy night-flies hummed along,  
In choral harmony of song :—  
An hour, I fondly cried, like this  
    But wants one earthly charm, to win  
The soul from promised realms of bliss  
    For ever to this world of sin !

Suddenly, on a light breeze broke  
    A melting music—soft and clear—  
Harp-like,—yet as the chords were shook  
    By some low, languid, dying air ;—



And thence a voice of silvery tone  
Called me :—dear Stella, 'twas thine own.—

There is a magic in our name,

Murmuring from a voice we love,  
And this as heavenly mercy came

To pardoned sinner from above :  
Trembling I stood—bewildered—mute ;—  
As note from some inspired lute,  
Again I heard the gentle voice  
In soothing cadence say—“ Rejoice

“ Mortal, thy trial

“ Of pain is o'er ;

“ Drink of the phial

“ Of woe no more.—

“ From eastern clime,

“ Through realms of air,

" A gem sublime \*

" I bring thee here ;—

" Wear it—'twill give thee a secret spell

" To charm the breast thou hast loved so well."

Oh ! fancy with what rapturous thrill

I seized the crystal stone, that lay

Like star upon some lucid rill,

Sparkling before me on my way,—

And hastened, at that lonely hour,

Fearfully to essay its power !—

I found thee within an ocean cave,

Which none could enter but through the wave,

\* The alecatoria, a stone of a crystalline nature, which, by eastern superstition is believed to render a man eloquent, constant, agreeable, and irresistible in love.

Where calm in its depth the blue tide slept,  
Nor felt the gale that above it swept ;  
Where sea-flowers rocked in a noiseless bed,  
And the pearl with the crimson dulse was wed,  
And the diamond fell from its lofty place,  
To blush in the coral's fond embrace ;  
Where couches, of sleepy emerald made,  
Had a wild sea-moss upon them laid,  
And the ruby a warm red lustre threw,  
And a cold flame streamed from the sapphire's hue ;  
Where the golden sand ever sparkled, bright  
As the countless stars of a summer night ;  
And gems unknown were shining clear,  
Like a fairy vision of poet's sleep,  
Though the only light reflecting there,  
Stole through the mirror of the deep.

'Twas there my burning words revealed  
A sinful passion—long concealed ;  
'Twas there upon thy fevered brow  
The kiss was pressed that maddens now ;  
'Twas there thy second vow was given,  
And registered—but not in heaven.—  
There is a tear that sadly flows  
From Pity's fount for other woes ;  
There is a tear—a bitter tear—  
Of fond regret on kindred's bier ;  
There is a tear, soul-felt, that 's shed  
In penitence for virtue fled ;—  
These the recording angels write  
Upon the gates of heaven in light.—  
There is a tear—a burning tear—  
Love's darling pledge—restrained by fear ;

The tear that swims in woman's eye,  
To lover's suit the best reply,  
Which springs not there for earthly fame,  
Or rich reward from Heaven to claim ;  
Concealed from all—yet quickly known  
To him who reads the heart his own.—  
Such was the tear of tenderness,

Which, as it fell, appeared to be  
The charm the spirit gave to bless—  
The gem that gave thy love to me.—  
Oh ! this at least then will be mine !

I cried, as from my dream I woke,  
And seemed to see the crystal shine :—  
The spell was gone—the charm had broke !

But why on Sleep's illusion dwell ?  
Love's kindest word for thee 's—farewell ;

Thou art another's—must not hear—

Forgive the ravings of despair ;—

Oh, God !—there is no earthly sting

Like that the jealous heart must bear,

When Love hath touched the only string

That could awaken feeling there !

The heart's blood that is prone to flow

Daily to some new transient woe,

Feels not—oh ! no—it cannot feel

Like his—the gloomy breast of pride—

Like his, the world hath cased in steel,

Till then, to every throe beside.—

Mine is the agony to see

That love lit at another's shrine,

And turn, as from divinity,

To the sad truth—'twill ne'er be mine.

Why have I ever woke?—alas !  
To be the lonely wretch I was ;  
To feel that loving thee is sin—  
To dote on what I might have been—  
To know what I must never be—  
Yet cling to hope—to life—to thee !

## A FRAGMENT.

DARK clouds the night around his moss-grown  
towers ;—

The south gale, pouring from its heavy sky,  
Rolls in its mist along ;—the waving pine,  
And oak of firmer growth, with echoing crash,  
Bend their proud heads, and weeping stay the stream.  
No light is seen,—save where the distant pane  
Flares like a storm-fiend to the affrighted eye.—  
Woe to the traveller, who, at such an hour,  
Shelterless, wretched, bends his weary way,  
Far from the quiet of his hearth's warm blaze,  
In distant climes a loftier roof to gain !



Better, far better in distress to live  
The monarch of the little store he hath ;—  
Keen blows the wind of heaven, but keener far  
To the untutored heart the worldly blast  
Its deadly venom drives.               \*       \*

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Wild, glimmering on the hearth, the blazing pile  
Casts its warm light around the spacious hall ;  
And many a ghost to superstition's eye  
The distant shades in such abode would bring ;—  
On either side the tarnish'd armour stands,—  
On the thick walls, with deep and varied tint,  
Kings, mounted heroes, and brocaded dames,  
In tapestry tell the deeds of other days ;  
While, through the crevices the frequent gusts  
Lift the torn cloths and wave their giant forms ;—

Hard by the chimney of the gloomy hall,  
 In modern garb attired, a form reclines  
 On sofa flowered by the housewife's care,—  
 Stretched at his feet, and weary with the chase,  
 Though watchful in his sleep, the gazehound lies,  
 And growls his fears when to the whistling gale  
 The time-worn towers quiver to their base ;—  
 Beside the couch a female figure sits,—  
 Light trembling on the harp her white arm moves,—  
 Whilst, as she sings, upon the sleeping youth  
 Her wild blue eye, the light of her heart's love,  
 Beams through the long dark lash. \*

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Home of my Fathers!” cries the awakened youth,  
 “ Is there no prop to stay thy ruined wall?  
 “ Shall the tree wither while a root remains

" Green with the parent sap ? A richer soil  
 " Its strength would quicken,—and that little strength  
 " New life impart to all ;—and dare I pause ?  
 " One season more may see its proud head flourish,—  
 " One season now 'tis levell'd—and for ever,"—

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*  
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There is a theatre, where many meet,  
 With inward writhing and with outward smile—  
 Where Rank and Riches, in the pomp of pride  
 Stand glittering foremost ;—these, Ambition close  
 Following, leads his thirsting legions on,  
 Wooing the rays reflected from their forms ;  
 Fell Ruin next succeeding in his rear,  
 With haggard eye, and smile of seeming joy,  
 Deludes his bleeding victims to their fate ;—

Lastly, a female actress and her troop,  
Barlesquing Nature with distorted shapes,  
In motley garment drest, complete the scene,—  
Fashion her name,—and 'midst her votaries mark  
Vanity, Vice, and Hatred ; Envy, Guile,  
Slander, and Meanness ; but so well arrayed  
In the false robes of Piety and Virtue,  
That though so oft the veil doth fall aside,  
Many revere them for the good they seem.  
There—in the gilded temple of Deceit,  
Where reigns no darkness, save what o'er the soul  
The weeping clouds of memory may throw,—  
Rich in the gems that deck the goddess' shrine,  
That same youth wantons in the midnight revel,—  
And oft he wanders in Ambition's train,  
And oft from Ruin's flies, with stedfast eye

Fixed on the headmost leaders of the band,  
Who with soft smiles allure him to their worship;—  
Thence, from their courted set, a maid he leads,  
In aspect gentle,—and with her he shuns  
The scathing memory of dearer hours;  
 wooing the gay deception, which perforce  
Must turn the natural current of his heart  
Into the bed of pride, and worldly coldness.—

\* \* \* \* \*

Days—nights roll past,—and in the splendid scene  
The youth still lingers,—still before the shrine  
Of Mammon he kneels down,—and of the many  
Who revel in the sunshine of the God,  
One from the rest he seeks;—for her alone  
He bends the winning magic of his eye,—

For her alone the frequent tale he frames  
 Of unfelt love,—lastly, for her alone  
 He bows before the altar of his God,  
 And vows to love and cherish—one his soul  
 Detests,—spurns,—sickens at. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

He is returned unto his silent hall,—  
 All is the same as on the hour he left—  
 But not the same to him,—it is the heart,  
 The heart alone, that makes a palace sad,—  
 A desert happy.— \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Changed is the sullen aspect of his home,—  
 No ivy creeps up the dismantled wall—  
 No wild flowers hang betwixt the mossy stones—

No yawning cracks—or briar-grown moats disclose  
Of Rank and Poverty the sad abode ;—  
Proud in their stead the modern turret stands,—  
The massy pile in gothic splendour shines,  
New modell'd to its master's wondering eye ;—  
The smile of welcome, and the tear of joy,—  
The tenants' blessing, and the menials' shout,—  
Hail the unlooked-for fortune of their lord ;—  
Gladness be with him,—if it e'er can reach  
The heart that barterers for the love of gold  
Each natural feeling that has stamped it human,—  
If it can cheer him who can seek, delude,  
Betray, and turn beseeching from his door,  
In sorrow unprotected, one who dares  
Blot her fair name upon his vow of faith  
To cast each hope in this life and the next.—

\* \* \* \* \*

Man, in this life implanted, stands alone ;  
 But woman, like the ivy, must have that  
 On which to twine the light stem of her thoughts,—  
 Or her head droops and withers. \*

\* \* \* \* \*

The hectic glow is on the maiden's cheek,—  
 Bloodless and pale the quiver of her lip,—  
 And the fixed lustre of her swimming eye  
 Sparkles upon the youth's, as though it seeks  
 In his to read the secret of her fate ;—  
 She speaks not,—stirs not,—trembles not,—her  
 thoughts—  
 (If thought it is, the chaos of the brain,



That unconnected whirls across the mind  
 At once the past, the present, and the future,  
 To fix it upon neither)—were o'erwhelmed  
 In that deep sleep that Heaven in mercy yields  
 To human breasts, when it has sent them woes  
 Too keen and sudden for their frames to bear.—

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

The clouds of stupor pass, and he is gone ;—  
 “ Oh, God !” exclaims the maiden, as the tears  
 Lighten her bursting heart, “ Not—not from him  
 “ Have I deserved it.”                       \*       \*

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

See—in a miserable cell confined  
 At last the wasted shadow of that maid ;—  
 Around are heard the victims of despair,

Whose minds, by grief disjointed, wander wild  
In the unweeded labyrinths of fancy ;—  
Behold her kneeling by her homely bed,—  
While the deep groan, loud laugh, and fiend-like yell,  
Joined to the ever-speaking pang of guilt,  
Hurl her shook brain into a like disease  
Of fevered phrensy ;—such is the reward,  
The foul return for all that she could give,—  
The warm embrace, which none beside would yield,  
The fond attention on the bed of sickness,  
The parting with the little wealth she had,  
To stay the ruin of his broken fortune.—  
He styles the recollection of past hours,  
Which, in the anguish of her heart, she tells,  
The certain mark of a disordered fancy ;  
And sends her to a mad-house,—lest perchance

His deeds of other days escape her lips,  
Too dark for the world's ear ;—there, on she drags  
The remnant of her days, and soon becomes  
The Maniac he would wish her. \*

\* \* \* \* \*

To . . . . .

THEY say—but Affection can never believe

A fiction that Envy has framed to beguile,—

Those warm tears of Feeling are shed to deceive,

And Vanity solely lies hid in that smile.—

I know not,—I care not,—I would not change

One bright sunny smile, one crystal tear,—

Whether true, whether false,—for an endless range

'Midst bosoms so *seemingly* warm and sincere.

They try to persuade me that Time has taken

The sweets from the garland that Nature wreathed,

And that Art o'er the withering leaves has shaken

A freshness like that which Youth once breathed.—

I know not,—I care not,—that wreath to me

Thus sadly fading is doubly dear ;

Whether Art, whether Nature adorn it, I see

No other garland so lovely here.

They tell me that years round thy breast have spread

A halo sufficiently brilliant to blind ;

But the true glow of heart from thy bosom has fled,

And has left but the shadow of feeling behind.—

I know not,—I care not,—to me 'tis the same,—

Should I find that thy heart could so artfully feign,

As the moth seeks the light, although singed by the

flame,

I would woo, though in death, the deception again.

TO THE SAME.

" Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus."

THERE was a little spark that lay  
For years concealed in Flavia's heart,  
And Love would sit there night and day,  
Stirring it with his burning dart.

But ever as the flame arose,  
A sprite of ice—we Reason call—  
Would sudden wake, as from a doze,  
And on the fire his cloak let fall.

So long the boy had fanned the spark  
That burned more languid every year,  
He left his rival—in the dark,  
Watching its last warmth dying there,

Short was the triumph,—short the joy—  
The little urchin soon returned ;  
And Reason knew him not,—nor boy,—  
Nor bow,—nor barbed darts discerned.

For as he wandered through the sky,  
Shiv'ring from the life he had led,  
A pitying spirit, hovering by,  
Flung his large mantle o'er his head.

Loud laughed the urchin as he shook  
His pinions over Friendship's vest ;

And backward on a zephyr took  
His flight into the maiden's breast.

He found his little spark of feeling  
Still burning on, but weak and low ;  
For Reason had been there congealing  
The warm blood round it into snow.

" Friend !"—cried the boy, as close he drew  
The cloak of Friendship 'fore his eyes,  
" Thou hast done bravely,—well, I knew  
" Yon pigmy elf must lose the prize.

" I waited but till thou hadst driven  
" The urchin hence in woe and pain,  
" To wend my steady course from heaven,  
" With thee for ever here to reign."—



While thus he spoke,—and Reason listened,  
Grasping his brother spirit's hand,  
The little spark more brightly glistened,  
Which Love with Friendship's mantle fanned,—

And soon into a flame arose,—  
Which Reason, who is sometimes cheated,  
Mistook for those pure friendly glows  
So seldom felt,—so oft repeated.

But then so warm the fire grew,  
That Reason, seeing round him thawing  
Each cold and wise design he drew,  
Began to meditate withdrawing.

But Love, who felt his flame was raised,  
His darts into the fire pelted,

When scorchingly the fuel blazed,  
And Reason, feebly struggling, melted.

Still oft the flame the boy renews  
With his disguise,—when burning gently ;—  
Dear Cara !—would I thus could use  
The garb of Friendship thou hast lent me !

FLY,—fly,—we must not meet again,—

Another hour like this will throw

A cureless phrensy o'er my brain ;—

Alas ! 'tis half bewildered now.—

Why stay we here ? These moments bring

To our lost souls a deeper sting ;—

Oh, God ! why had we not the power

To shun the death-blast of this hour ?

When stars like these shall sadly light

Thy steps to scenes to memory dear,

Those eyes will gaze until thy sight

Shall picture mine reflected there.—

But no,—'twere better not to think  
That there is left one burning link  
Of that dear chain we now must sever,—  
But part,—aye! even in thought,—for ever.—

See,—see yon pitying breeze from heaven,  
Sweeping across thy feverish brow,  
Tells thee thy crimes are all forgiven,  
For this last victory o'er thy woe;—  
This last sad earthly struggle o'er,  
Thy friends,—thy God,—can ask no more,—  
The world again will shine before thee,—  
To which I now—thus—thus—restore thee.

## LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM,

## IN SYMPATHETIC INK.

PASS on,—till years have rolled away,

And youth hath ceased to shine,—

These leaves will charm for many a day,—

I pray thee pass from mine.

We know not whose may be the doom

The earliest to die,—

If mine—in some sad hour of gloom

Breathe on this sheet a sigh ;—

And if, beneath thy breath's warm glow,

These lines unaltered be,—

My soul in other worlds thou'lt know

As little changed to thee.

To J . . . T . . . . . N, Esq.

ON HIS SINGING.

THEY tell us sprites unearthly  
 Rule what we must not see ;  
 I know not what their birth be—  
 'Tis wrapt in mystery ;  
 In the deep swell of the ocean,  
 In the breeze's varying motion,  
 In the fire brightly gleaming,  
 In the very thoughts we're dreaming,  
 In smiles the most engaging,  
 In angry passions raging ;—

But none can have such power,  
Such magic of an hour,  
As the spirit of tone in thee.

I've seen it thaw to madness  
Hearts iced in apathy,  
And charm to sober sadness  
Features most gay and free ;—  
Bending delighted o'er thee,  
Earth's daughters do adore thee ;  
I've marked the eye of Beauty,  
Forgetting form's dull duty,  
Around thee fondly weeping ;  
Their watch no longer keeping,  
The *Chaperons* selves were stealing,  
Lost in the rapturous feeling,  
To catch a note from thee.

Methinks, that urchin, Cupid,  
Feeling, alas ! that he  
In this cold world so stupid  
No more adored can be ;  
Wretched, poor child ! at finding  
His freaks no longer binding,  
Seeing 'tis useless preaching,  
Or the art of ogling teaching,  
That his power is surely dying,  
Still struggling is trying  
The last strength of his godhead  
Invisible, embodied  
In melody from thee.



To . . . . .

Was it so *very* hard a task  
To grant what I could only ask  
    To give thee pleasure?  
Think you your little ugly Fan,  
Though it *did* come from Ispahan,  
    So vast a treasure?

Or think you that coquettish face  
Has in it such a wondrous grace,  
    That to obtain it  
I'd run the risk of being refused?  
Had I wished for it—I had not used  
    That way to gain it.

Vain, Lady, was thy pretty fear,—  
 My thoughts (if thought I had) I swear,  
     And do not doubt it,  
 Was to remember thee among  
 Many—which I could not have done  
     Very well without it.

## THE FLOWER

AND

## THE KEY.

I KNOW not which to love the dearest,  
The Flower or the little Key ;  
The Flower has been worn the nearest,  
The Key was most beloved by thee.

Even now methinks I mark the shiver,  
Caught from the beating of thy heart,  
Upon the leaves—when last the giver  
Said from it she would *never* part.

But it *was* granted,—and the Flower,  
More truly than thy lips could tell,  
Spoke to me, at that blessed hour,  
The thoughts concealed so long—so well.

And then the Key has a magic power,  
Less fettered by the world's control,  
'Twas granted at the parting hour,  
And with it came thy heart—thy soul.

Just as my eye was fondly straying  
Where it then hung, and wished it mine,—  
Thou saidst, half sorrowful—half playing,  
“ 'Tis my heart's Key, and both are thine.”

Rememberest thou, as thy form bent o'er me,  
Around my neck thy gift to tie,

My lip stole, from the cheek before me,  
The kiss it could not then deny.

And will not the Key renew the feeling,  
When it meets my eye, of that time of bliss ;  
When thy long art thy love concealing,  
Was baffled by that last mad kiss ?

It will—it will—the Flower is blighted,—  
Too like the feeling that then was thine,—  
The first young spark of fancy lighted  
To Love, but whilst the hour was mine.

But still the little Key before me,  
As on it thus I press thy name,  
That night's dear memory shining o'er me,  
Tells me thou art like it,—the same.

As relic to the pilgrim given

From the true cross—'tis dear to me,—

He loves his—as a voice from Heav'n,—

I *worship* mine,—it speaks of thee.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

SEE yon little bark—that's gliding  
    Lightly o'er the slumb'ring wave ;  
Summer zephyrs now are riding  
    O'er that blue, unfathomed grave.

Soon its snow-white sail will shiver  
    To the blast that's gathering near ;  
Death alone will then deliver  
    Those who live that life of fear.

Such is life,—for one short hour  
    Each soft breeze of bliss we woo,

Heedless of the storms that lower  
Darkly round us as we go.

See yon trembling ray—that's beaming  
On that dark and threat'ning tide,—  
'Tis the only light that's gleaming,—  
All is gloomy there beside.

Such is life,—a sea of sorrow,  
Over which our barks must go,—  
Calm to-day, and rough to-morrow,—  
Future gales we must not know.

One light ray of bliss is twinkling  
On its face, which soon is past,—  
For the breeze behind us wrinkling  
Drives us on to death at last.



To . . . . .

OH ! weep not,—weep not,—let me fly  
In anger, as when last we parted ;  
All—all but this I 'll bear,—to die  
Were bliss,—than thus part broken hearted.—  
I had a thought which once would cheer  
My bosom in the hour of woe ;  
That I alone was doomed to bear  
The pangs which thou wouldst never know.

That thou wert happy,—that the guile  
My breath had sighed—my tongue had said—  
Had met an unbelieving smile,—  
Had fall'n on a heedless head.

It fled as all my hopes have flown,—  
It faded quickly as it grew,—  
But now it bloomed,—the blight has blown,—  
And thy young heart has felt it too.

There was a time, my breast had given  
Its dearest hope on earth—to see  
That heart with love and anguish riven,—  
That blue eye weep a tear for me ;—  
But now—oh ! such is Virtue's charm—  
For all the world would give most fair—  
For all its joys—I would not harm  
One jetty ringlet of thy hair.

I write not now to beg thy stay,—  
'Twere wiser—better we should part,—

Thine are but sorrows of a day—

Th' effusion of a youthful heart ;

Time and the world to thee will bring

Delights—which soon will sooth thy breast :—

Oh ! may it be so,—may its sting

Ne'er keep such heart from being blest !

Oh ! may'st thou never feel the thrill—

The cold damp chill—the frequent shiver—

At night's lone hour,—when all is still—

Except that voice which calls for ever !

That voice which, like Prometheus' bird,

With an eternity of pain,

Clings round the heart with iron gird,

And fangs that nought can loose again.

I write not now—as oft before

My pen has traced th' unmeaning line,—

I know that all my hopes are o'er,

I feel my fate is linked with thine ;—

Yet must we part,—there is what ne'er

My pen can write—my lips can tell—

Decrees it :—bless thee for that tear,—

Forget—forgive me, Love,—farewell.

## TO MARY.

— "Adjuro nunquam eam me deserturum ;  
"Non si, capiundos mihi sciam esse inimicos omnes homines."

TER. ANDR. Act. IV. Sc. 2. v. 11.

OH ! say not so,—by all that 's dear,  
By the loved hour when last we met,  
By memory of thy love's first tear,  
And thought of meetings happier yet,—

I will not leave thee ;—we may rove  
Like bees to every fresh blown flower,  
But from the one which most we love  
We hoard the sweets for future hour.

Oh! poison not a time so blest

With such a thought,—oh! does this tell,  
This lip which now to thine is prest,  
That it can ever say farewell?

Words—words are nothing,—we may say

Far different thoughts from what we've felt;  
May kneel, and swear to love to-day,—  
To-morrow—laugh that we have knelt.

But there are moments when no art

From Woman's eye can thus conceal  
The inward feeling,—when the heart  
By the eye's light will truth reveal.

Is there in mine one glance to give

Reason for such a jealous fear?

No, Mary,—if we thus must live,  
’Twere best to part for ever here.

Forsake thee?—Sooner shall the tree  
Forsake the root from which it grew,  
And thrive,—or eastern herbage be  
Alive without its wonted dew.

Thou art my life,—my heaven,—the one,  
The only one who thus would dare  
The world’s reviles to scorn,—alone  
My woes—if not to sooth—to share.

And would I leave such arms, to go  
To a false, callous world I spurn?  
Mary, this heart you little know,  
Thou hast its only good to learn.

To . . . . .

AWAY,—away!—that sparkling eye  
Hath still such siren powers to win,  
It almost gives the past the lie,—  
And my fond hopes again would fly  
To what they once have been.

But no, false girl!—of Lethe's stream  
My heart has drunk a draught so deep,  
That all thy practised follies seem  
As weak as though a twice-dreamt dream  
Should lift the lid of sleep.



Run on,—run on thy heedless course,—  
A time will come—when to thy breast  
Th' unwelcome feeling of remorse  
Will bring for this a bitterer curse  
Than e'er by thee imprest.

I warn thee that the hour is nigh,—  
I warned thee, when thy lip could feign  
So oft the passion of love's sigh,  
The slaves of such deceit would fly,  
Or nurse deceit again.

But not from me that guile shall flow,  
Though I have long and sadly proved thee ;  
Oh! no,—from me thou ne'er shalt know  
A day, an hour of such woe,—  
So dearly once I loved thee.

## MUSIC AND POETRY.

THERE is an hour when souls may fly  
From the human chains that bind them ;  
When maids may lift fair Nature's eye,  
Without dull forms to blind them.—  
'TWAS such an hour when Chloe crept  
From her couch of feverish sadness—  
While stupid Morality coldly slept—  
To the bowers of Love and Gladness ;—  
There, by the twinkling stars, that shone  
Through the roses, the nymph discovers—  
Not him for whom she came alone—  
But two young rival lovers.

Hard by a stunted ilex shade

The maid attentive waited,

List'ning to the claims they laid

To her love,—and thus they prated:—

Quoth Music—"How can Woman's breast

"Withstand the strains I'll sing her?

"Say she be sad,—I'll sooth to rest

"Her soul with the sweets I'll bring her;—

"Say she be cold,—the sounds shall light

"The dormant spark within her;—

"Say she be warm,—to new delight,

"To ecstasy I'll win her."—

"Out, empty fool!"—the other cries,—

"Is this thy spell to move her?

"Will quavers speak of lips and eyes,

"And tell her how you love her?

“ Hence! with thy sensual chords depart,

“ To wander through life’s paths lonely,

“ The prize is mine,—for Woman’s heart

“ Is won by flattery only.”—

The nymph appeared,—and for awhile

Her young heart doubted whether

(But no,—the world would say ’t were vile)

To have them both together.—

Time passed,—alas! for Music’s bliss!

For she was forced to wound him,—

She Poetry chose—and with a kiss

Flung her white arms around him.

To . . . . .

Oh ! say not love hath never grown  
But from the icy womb of Time !  
One feeling glance, one gentle tone,  
Will see him glowing in his prime.—  
Cold is the love that slowly rears  
His throne upon the wreck of years ;—  
Like frozen streams, that in the day  
To wintry suns thaw half away,  
But in the absence of their light,  
What melts by day, congeals at night.

When, after beating long and lone,  
Like bark upon a wide sea thrown,  
To the worn, desolate heart appears  
The haven it has sought for years,  
The rocks of Disappointment past,  
On which, for long, it has been cast,  
It gains the port—a wreck at last.

Oh! no—the fire, sudden caught  
From glowing cheeks, and smiling lips,  
Bright as a radiant meteor, brought  
To earth after a long cold eclipse,—  
A warmer, deeper thrill will dart,  
And draw, more fondly, heart to heart,  
Than a whole age of passion crost  
By doubts, even in the doubting lost.

Away!—I hate the sage's page,  
That leads us from a rapturous dream,  
To bid us hesitate an age,  
And found love's basis on esteem!—  
Phœbe! if such must be the task,  
Thy heart from mine can coldly ask,—  
Then fare thee well!—I leave to those  
Who o'er Love's brimming cup can doze,  
And gravely pause upon the brink,  
Till from their lips the nectar shrink,  
A love that can so coldly shine—  
A heart that cannot feel like mine.

## LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

THE flower that in the sun-beam drinks  
Its life's dew for a day,  
Beneath that same glow withering shrinks  
Upon its stalk away.—  
And so, though now Affliction's tears  
May o'er our parting mourn,  
I cannot write what other years  
May see thee view in scorn.—

But others through these leaves may throw  
The warmth they may not feel,—  
The only feelings I dare show,  
Are warm prayers for thy weal.—



Farewell—and as thou tellest each name,  
In praise, to friends less dear,  
Oh! pass this page—or let it claim  
Thy silence—and a tear!—

To . . . . .

It is not that my heart is proud—

The revels of the great—the crowd—

Have charmed, to charm no more—

The spell is broke—the lights that shed

A meteor joy around my head

A feverish halo pour.

I know no word, no look, no sigh,

In thee my fears would e'er decry—

No vain regret be seen,—

For all the joys for me forsaken,—

For splendid hopes by me thus shaken—

For what thou might'st have been.

But could I coldly—tamely view ,  
Thy changeless love—but changing hue—  
Thy beauty slowly fade—  
Those eyes—blue heaven—pass away—  
Nor turn in agony, and say,  
By me this wreck was made?

To . . . . .

OH ! who that of sorrow so long and so deep  
 Hath quaffed till the chalice no longer can pain,  
 Would wake from so calm and unearthly a sleep  
 To fetter his spirit to feeling again ?  
 Through the ruin of heart shines the joy to the last ;  
 That the blight of affliction no longer can blast.

Like the bird of the night, on the desolate tomb  
 Of the feeling long buried, discordantly sung,  
 The voice of my harp in the dark hour of gloom.  
 Reckless, like him, in cold mockery strung ;—  
 Like a death-severed lover still haunting the spot  
 Where my hopes ever shrouded lie dead—not forgot.

Oh ! dare I believe it ? the ray that hath shone

Like the sun of my youth yet more steady and bright—

Is the tone of my mouldering lyre not gone ?

Must Hope again strain the weak chords to their  
height ?

Will days ever come with a balmier beam,

When its notes will but sound of my wrongs as a dream ?

Oh ! yes, touch the string—there 's a touch still can wake

My heart from the trance where it sadly hath 'lain—

Its fall, like Antæus ', hath been but to make

Its rise the more warm to a new life again.—

Oh ! yes, touch the string, every accent will twine

My heart's long lost feelings for ever to thine.

## THE TOURNAMENT.

A legend tells that in olden time,  
The wild tradition of minstrel rhyme,  
Five marshalled knights to a tilting came,  
The rarest prize on earth to claim,  
A maiden's love.

The first that entered the lists was he,  
The Lord of Fair Speech and Courtesy ;  
A butterfly crest on his helm he bore,  
And polished breast-plate of steel he wore,  
For maiden's love.

The next passed on in plain array,  
No ornament decked the youth that day  
But the amethyst gem ;—and the rabble hissed  
As the Knight of Virtue entered the list  
For maiden's love.

With meanest form, that scarce could bear  
The helmet and plume that waved in air—  
That vainly covered the eye of flame—  
Minerva's Warrior proudly came,  
For maiden's love.

A murmur of applause bespoke  
A favoured chief the circle broke :  
'Twas Beauty's Knight, whose brilliant shield  
Dazzled awhile, as he paced the field,  
For maiden's love.

But hark ! those shouts ! "*largesse ! largesse !*"—  
The mob to the fences closely press—  
He comes ! the Knight of the Arms of Gold !  
The proud—the crooked—the vain—the old—  
For maiden's love.

Sound the shrill clarions ! downward poise  
The threat'ning spears—all hushed the noise—  
When lo ! the royal warder thrown—  
" A maiden's choice shall prove alone "  
" A maiden's love."

Sudden the damsel's glances flew  
To the eye of Beauty—but quick withdrew.—  
The choice by the herald's trumpet came—  
" The Monarch of Gold alone shall claim  
" A maiden's love."



## TO L. E. L.

THE giant minstrel ceased to sweep

The chords whose melody awoke

The genius of the Alpine steep—

The spirits of the winds and deep—

Who answered to the stroke.

Childe Harold ceased to strike the lyre—

Upon his grave untuned it lay—

And nations came there to admire,

But mortal hand would not aspire

Upon the strings to play.

At length the harp a maiden takes—

We start—and Memory weeps to hear,

As Feeling to the touch awakes

The music distant echo makes,

To music felt more near.

## THE BROKEN HEART.

I THOUGHT of a lone cypress tree that waved above a  
spot

Destined to be a burial ground, but where a grave was  
not—

I thought of a calm summer-sea, when a shade hath  
o'er it passed,

The shadow of the tearful cloud that rises on the blast—

I thought of the low mournful breeze that whispers from  
the bough,

The harbinger of gathering storms as I gazed upon thy  
brow.—

And is there not—I felt upon that young sad face portrayed,  
trayed,

A presage like that lonely spot, that breeze and passing shade?

Oh! is there not for those fore-doomed the ills of fate  
to know

Within the eye a prophet glance, the death-fetch of  
their woe?

Upon the lip, a gift like that with which the god deceived

The maniac prophetess who told the ill which none believed?

When Fashion trimmed her dying lamps till the pale  
eye of day

Shone on her votaries' sickly forms' and sicklier hearts'  
decay—

Within a gorgeous chamber—whence the voice of music  
broke,

Like the gleam of an expiring flame on the feeling it  
awoke—

I marked the incense of a mind, as pure as earth's may  
shine,

Profaned by worldly friends upon that Fashion's tinsel  
shrine—

And I shuddered as I listened to what seemed the  
maiden's knell,—

The gambler with woman's heart his false-lip passion  
tell—

And after, on the phœnix wing of rumour came the  
pride,

The splendour of the bridal-rite, and the beauty of the  
bride.

And I strove to think with others of the victim's happy  
state,

But the memory of that look returned, which spoke a  
sadder fate.

I gazed in after days upon her monumental stone—  
Within a village church it stood, a simple slab alone ;—  
And on it was inscribed the name that ruffian did im-  
part—  
And underneath—her last request—engraved—a broken  
heart.

**G. WOODFALL, ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET, LONDON.**







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